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Connecticut College

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

The Day Connecticut College Goes Hungry

By Kathryn Bonn and Allie Lyons

Why will many students at Connecticut College boycott Harris on December 7th? Because that is the day when our college community makes a symbolic and practical action for those who live in hunger.

Students who participate in the fast will choose to miss lunch or dinner or both meals. The money for the food that isn't eaten will be donated to Oxfam-America, an organization that gives support to developmental projects worldwide. The aim of these programs

is to help underdeveloped nations acquire the skills needed to better use their own resources.

Last year, according to estimates from the Residence Department, about one-third of the student body participated in the fast. With the cost of a missed lunch at \$1.25 and dinner at \$1.75, the College donated a total of \$1,700 to Oxfam.

What's the point of going hungry on December 7th? Will our effort translate into an effectual, long-term project, or will it pay for a crate of food, soon to be depleted? Oxfam stresses the importance of national self-help and

does not merely dole out food. The practice of giving food to underdeveloped nations can often disrupt the existing agricultural economy and minimize the recipients' desire to work.

Oxfam works toward the achievement of food self-sufficiency by strengthening agricultural systems. An Oxfam grant of \$25,000 to Guinea Bissan will be used to repair traditional rice fields damaged by flooding and to purchase carts and canoes for transporting crops from the field to villages and markets. Projects like this one, that fit the specific needs of a village or nation, are the kind

Oxfam supports.

Oxfam is an organization that takes a realistic approach toward the solution of world hunger. We at Connecticut College have an opportunity to contribute by committing ourselves to fast through one or two meals.

By giving up a meal or two, we as a group can experience in a slight way what for many is far too familiar. This direct involvement with hunger is symbolic as well as practical, and may teach us more than simply writing a donation check. So for December 7th, *bon non appetit!*

THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

November 13, 1981

Vol. V, No. 7



Virginia Pasternak

(James Merrill spoke on Wednesday, November 4. The Pulitzer Prize winning poet read from his works on the theme of real estate. "The Mad Scene", reprinted from THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN POETRY, exemplifies his style. —Ed

The Mad Scene

Again last night I dreamed the dream called Laundry.
In it, the sheets and towels of a life we were going to share,
The milk-stiff bibs, the shroud, each rag to be ever
Trampled or soiled, bled on or groped for blindly,
Came swooning out of an enormous willow hamper
Onto moon-marbly boards. We had just met. I watched
From outer darkness. I had dressed myself in clothes
Of a new fiber that never stains or wrinkles, never
Wears thin. The opera house sparkled with tiers
And tiers of eyes, like mine enlarged by belladonna,
Trained inward. There I saw the cloud-clot, gust by gust,
Form, and the lightning bite, and the roan mane unloosen.
Fingers were running in panic over the flute's nine gates.
Why did I flinch? I loved you. And in the downpour laughed
To have us wrung white, gnarled together, one
Topmost mordent of wisteria,
As the lean tree burst into grief.

On Conn and Co-ops PART THREE

By Michael Schoenwald

How would a used book cooperative run at Connecticut College? What would the organization involve? Is a book co-op really an answer to the problem of high priced new books and poor distribution of used ones? These and other questions must be considered if a used book co-op is ever to come to Connecticut College.

It was suggested in the last article about book cooperatives at other colleges and universities that a possible answer to the problem of high prices on new books and lack of distribution of used texts lay in the co-op at Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio. Every member of the Oberlin Co-op has a vote in the running of the organization and the profits, after going to the employees and to the needs of the store, are distributed towards various community projects or groups within Oberlin.

There are a number of problems with Oberlin's method if it were to be applied to Connecticut. Where would money come from to finance the co-op? If the co-op is set up as a store money would be required to pay for heat, light and other utilities. Another problem is whether the co-op would ever make enough money to help organizations at Connecticut and within the community. Would the Student Government or administration of the college provide funding for a co-op?

One advantage of this co-op would be the aid given to organizations in need. Existing ties between the college and community could be strengthened. Another advantage of the Oberlin version is the fact all members would participate in its functioning.

Theoretically, the majority of the members would be happy, which is a desirable point in contrast to the situation here.

David Gleason, Social Board Chairman and a member of the Student Government Association, has devised his own solution to the problem of poor distribution of used books. He suggests that the SGA would act as an agent for buying and selling used books. "An SGA member would sit behind a table in the post office with a master list of all the used books available for sale. Students could come to this table and give this person the names of the books he/she wanted to sell and these would be added to the master list. The SGA would buy no books unless someone came to the table and asked for a book specifically. The SGA would mark "sold" next to that book on the list."

An SGA sub-committee on book return has been set up to investigate the problems of the bookstore and find alternatives. David Eupin is a member of this committee and supports Gleason's proposal; "The idea of an organized distribution of used books would eliminate unreadable signs in the post office advertising used books and the confusion as to whether the books on these signs were sold or unsold." Eupin says that SGA plans to implement David Gleason's proposal next semester.

An attempt to establish a book co-op at Connecticut four years ago met with disastrous results. Perhaps it is wise to start with David Gleason's proposal, see how this works and what the demand for used books is, and work from there. Nothing stands to be lost with Gleason's proposal except unwanted textbooks.

The CCPS: A Real Blast

By Edward B. Burger



Dave Gleason's Social Board

By Carley Rand

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The Social Board's major concern at the moment is not so much over funds, but more over the lack of communication between the administrative staff and

the Social Board Committee. The Board is unique in that it is not directly controlled by the administrative staff as in most schools, but it is run by the students. But what happens when the administration pays too little attention to the SGA?

David Gleason feels that the SGA needs more support from the administration. For instance, says David, there were no notifications publicizing the Shroud of Turin. David blames this information gap on the administration's failure to inform the SGA of the event.

The SGA has taken it upon themselves to work at opening the communication lines between the administration and the students. They have set up a meeting for the administration, including the Treasurer, the Dean of the College, the Dean of the Faculty, the Dean of Admissions and the Director of Development, to meet with the Senior Staff of the SGA Administration. Hopefully this will become a regular event to clear up any confusion between the two groups. Perhaps this will even aid the stretching of the student allocations to meet the goals set by the Social Board to improve student activities at Connecticut.

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The club, which started in late September, already has twenty members. There are two Commodores who are in charge: John Pearson and Dave McKillop. At this time they are not considered an official club. They plan, however, to submit a constitution to the SGA in the near future and will then become an official organization.

What do the members do? Well, first they go out to Lee's Kiddieland on Bank Street and buy a rocket kit. On the average, a rocket costs about \$6.00 including the engine. They then assemble it. One of the members, Bill Regan, says that the building and designing of rockets "alleviates some of the academic pressure." The rockets take about one week to build. There is great variety between the different rockets in

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The launches are just as amusing as the construction of the rockets. The members treat it as a great social event to meet others. On one launching session, the club had fifty spectators watching and taking pictures. Sometimes, however, things go wrong. One time a soccer game had to be stopped so that a member could retrieve his rocket which landed in the middle of the soccer field. But as John Pearson puts it, "Disasters are just as fun as successes."

The CCPS has many plans for the future. They are looking forward to having winter and night launches on Harkness Green. Anyone interested in watching the launches is welcome, and anyone interested in building rockets is encouraged to join the club. But watch out, this reporter has been told that rocket building is addictive. Have a blast!

Fishnets Over Food: Oxfam in Action

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"Oxfam-America has proven that people have strong recuperative powers and want to provide for their own needs. During one mass distribution of supplies, the Kampuchians (Cambodians) gratefully but quietly received bags of food, but when fishnets were distributed, cheers spread throughout the crowd."

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A Day in the Life

Being the Editor-In-Chief of a major metropolitan newspaper like *The College Voice* is both a blessing and a curse. The good points are pretty good—the loose women who are attracted to powerful men; the ability to ruin lives of people by printing lies about them; accepting bribes from rich people so I won't print the truth—I'm not saying this stuff isn't fun. But it's the other stuff that gets on my nerves.

Take the other day, for instance. There I was, not doing much of anything, when the phone rang. Turned out that it was "Punch" Sulzberger, Publisher of *The New York Times*, and he wanted some copy.

"What does *The Voice* staff have about the windmill on the library?" he asked. "We want to do a feature about it, but your reporter aces have all the information sewn up. Can you help me out?"

"Sorry, Punch," I said. "You know how the game's played; you get your copy and we get ours."

"Ah, c'mon," he said. I felt sorry for him. Me and old Punch had both started out as copyboys, but he had to stay at the *Times* while I got to be editor-in-chief of *The Voice*. I didn't want to rub it in, so I gave him some info about the

windmill.

"Thanks," said Punch. "I'll get Tom Wicker on this right away."

"No problem," I said. "Just remember, little fellow, it's Connecticut College, not U.Conn," and I hung up.

No sooner had I done that when there was a knock on my door. It was Walter Cronkite.

"Can I talk to you, Chief?" he asked. "It's pretty important."

"I don't know, Wally," I said. "I'm in the middle of writing a paper."

"It won't take long, I promise, can I sit down?"

Well, talking to a has-been like Walter Cronkite isn't my idea of a fun day, but editors have to do these things.

"As you know," he began, "I'm no longer with CBS."

"So?"

"Well . . . I was wondering . . . a while ago, you said if I quit, you might be able to give me a job on *The Voice*. Maybe covering SGA or something. I need the work, and,

Continued on Page 8

Hand in Hand Through the Looking Glass

A budget chart is printed in The Voice this week. Tell your House President how you feel about the way money was allotted and why.

—Ed

When the smoke cleared after the November 5th SGA budget vote, there were casualties everywhere. Student Government Association with a single issue had tarnished both its own and WCNI's reputations. But students really lost out, because the proposed budget—within four votes of being scrapped—had somehow passed.

How it did, who it hurts and what four pushed it over the top became obvious at that chaotic meeting. It was dead even until the class presidents and Executive Board voted . . . members of Finance Committee. They had worked for several weeks to distribute the \$100,000 annual fund. But even when faced with considerable and well-founded criticism these students remained allied above their peers' best interests. That is their prerogative, but also their fantasy: it is unfortunate that they so clearly do not regard the vote as telling. They apparently do not care that half the dorm presidents voted against the budget and several others for it with on-record reservations over the WCNI cut.

A number of house presidents didn't even hold dorm meetings to discuss the budget, but it was at the dorms which did where Finance Committee's failings came to light. Students at those meetings did not understand the criteria with which F.C. allotted almost \$10,000 to the Senior class, and \$36,000 to Social Board. A number of voices asked why so much was being given to partying, particularly to alcohol. Why were \$100 clubs cut from 31 to 24? Loudest were the questions: why was CNI cut \$1,000?

During a brief discussion November 5, members of Finance Committee maintained that they cut CNI because last year's allotment was especially for stereo, and because they felt the station had a history of bad management. But at the dorm meetings, and at the previous SGA meeting, the explanation was that WCNI had sponsored a party, at which marijuana was seen.

Nat Turner, house president of Harkness and a member of Finance Committee, told Harkness that Finance had "punished" WCNI with the \$1,000 cut, for providing an "illegal substance . . . dangerous to the campus community as a whole," (quoted material is verbatim). He further implied that Finance had done CNI a favor, because initially the Administration was thinking of revoking their license.

This rhetoric amounts basically to slander, besides being unrelated to fiscal management. There is no proof or even evidence that WCNI had any part in the presence or distribution of marijuana at its free all-campus party. (Remember that, ghastly as it seems, there are students here who smoke marijuana without being forced to by student organizations). Had there been any such evidence, the matter would logically fall into the hands of Judiciary Board, not Finance Committee. Does Finance Committee pretend to some kind of ethical mandate, and do students want their budget divided by hearsay or personal interest?

Student Government Association should: a) apologize publicly to WCNI radio and the school, and b) rescind ratification of the budget, pending proper student input concerning WCNI's cut, the Senior class allotment, etc. In the future, class presidents should be excluded from votes where a conflict of interest is implicit.

—MS

-LETTERS-

Quit Crying About It

Pay Your Tickets . . .

To the Editor:

I find the self-righteousness of individuals who have been saddled with repeated parking fines or towing charges very irritating. These students feel that they own this school and that they have the right to do whatever they please without retribution. This school does not have the space to let them do this, as evidenced by Mr. Bianchi's comment that we have only 306 parking places for 330 cars on campus itself. With 24 more cars than spaces, it seems entirely reasonable and even necessary for Security to enforce parking rules for those who belong on South Lot. There is plenty of space on South Lot—why can't Freshmen and Sophomores use it?

Freshmen and Sophomores who keep cars on campus proper, especially unregistered cars, have no right to complain when they get ticketed. After a few tickets, students should either register their car or move it down to South Lot. Leaving a car on campus illegally simply invites more tickets.

Having a car on campus is a privilege, not a right, and along with this privilege come several responsibilities. These responsibilities include obeying traffic rules and parking rules. It is the duty of Campus Security to punish those who violate these rules. Stop complaining and start complying!

Sincerely,
William Field '83

To the Editor:

I am so sorry to read of the plight of those students who have received parking tickets or have been towed. It is really shocking to think that Connecticut College students should have to pay a fine for parking illegally.

Seriously, though, the College has the right and should strictly enforce its parking code. There are a limited number of parking places and the College is hard pressed to accommodate all persons who wish to park on campus. It seems that the most effective way to maintain fair access to parking on campus for all people is to fine the violators.

Surely you jest, Michael, when you suggest that security search out the offenders and verbally ask them to move their cars. This would be a full-time occupation and security has better things to do. Furthermore, it seems

ludicrous that college students are not responsible enough to park legally. If they choose to park illegally, they should accept the consequences of it.

The complaint of Nancy Sutton is a typical example of the "spoiled brat" mentality some students have concerning the parking code. After four tickets and a verbal warning it is easy to see why Nancy was put on the "hit list". Contrary to Michael Sladden's opinion, parking is a "big deal" on campus. This is evident by the three articles concerning this matter in last week's *College Voice*.

I strongly agree with Mark Oliva and Fritz Folts that the money collected should be directed to the SGA student fund. I would at least feel better about paying my tickets if it went to the benefit of some student activity.

Sincerely,
David H. McKillop '82

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Being the Editor-In-Chief of a major metropolitan newspaper like *The College Voice* is both a blessing and a curse. The good points are pretty good—the loose women who are attracted to powerful men; the ability to ruin lives of people by printing lies about them; accepting bribes from rich people so I won't print the truth—I'm not saying this stuff isn't fun. But it's the other stuff that gets on my nerves.

Take the other day, for instance. There I was, not doing much of anything, when the phone rang. Turned out that it was "Punch" Sulzberger, Publisher of *The New York Times*, and he wanted some copy.

"What does *The Voice* staff have about the windmill on the library?" he asked. "We want to do a feature about it, but your reporter aces have all the information sewn up. Can you help me out?"

"Sorry, Punch," I said. "You know how the game's played; you get your copy and we get ours."

"Ah, c'mon," he said. I felt sorry for him. Me and old Punch had both started out as copyboys, but he had to stay at the *Times* while I got to be editor-in-chief of *The Voice*. I didn't want to rub it in, so I gave him some info about the

windmill.

"Thanks," said Punch. "I'll get Tom Wicker on this right away."

"No problem," I said. "Just remember, little fellow, it's Connecticut College, not U.Conn," and I hung up.

No sooner had I done that when there was a knock on my door. It was Walter Cronkite.

"Can I talk to you, Chief?" he asked. "It's pretty important."

"I don't know, Wally," I said. "I'm in the middle of writing a paper."

"It won't take long, I promise, can I sit down?"

Well, talking to a has-been like Walter Cronkite isn't my idea of a fun day, but editors have to do these things.

"As you know," he began, "I'm no longer with CBS."

"So?"

"Well . . . I was wondering . . . a while ago, you said if I quit, you might be able to give me a job on *The Voice*. Maybe covering SGA or something. I need the work, and,

Continued on Page 8

Hand in Hand Through the Looking Glass

A budget chart is printed in The Voice this week. Tell your House President how you feel about the way money was allotted and why.

—Ed

When the smoke cleared after the November 5th SGA budget vote, there were casualties everywhere. Student Government Association with a single issue had tarnished both its own and WCNI's reputations. But students really lost out, because the proposed budget—within four votes of being scrapped—had somehow passed.

How it did, who it hurts and what four pushed it over the top became obvious at that chaotic meeting. It was dead even until the class presidents and Executive Board voted . . . members of Finance Committee. They had worked for several weeks to distribute the \$100,000 annual fund. But even when faced with considerable and well-founded criticism these students remained allied above their peers' best interests. That is their prerogative, but also their fantasy: it is unfortunate that they so clearly do not regard the vote as telling. They apparently do not care that half the dorm presidents voted against the budget and several others for it with on-record reservations over the WCNI cut.

A number of house presidents didn't even hold dorm meetings to discuss the budget, but it was at the dorms which did where Finance Committee's failings came to light. Students at those meetings did not understand the criteria with which F.C. allotted almost \$10,000 to the Senior class, and \$36,000 to Social Board. A number of voices asked why so much was being given to partying, particularly to alcohol. Why were \$100 clubs cut from 31 to 24? Loudest were the questions: why was CNI cut \$1,000?

During a brief discussion November 5, members of Finance Committee maintained that they cut CNI because last year's allotment was especially for stereo, and because they felt the station had a history of bad management. But at the dorm meetings, and at the previous SGA meeting, the explanation was that WCNI had sponsored a party, at which marijuana was seen.

Nat Turner, house president of Harkness and a member of Finance Committee, told Harkness that Finance had "punished" WCNI with the \$1,000 cut, for providing an "illegal substance . . . dangerous to the campus community as a whole," (quoted material is verbatim). He further implied that Finance had done CNI a favor, because initially the Administration was thinking of revoking their license.

This rhetoric amounts basically to slander, besides being unrelated to fiscal management. There is no proof or even evidence that WCNI had any part in the presence or distribution of marijuana at its free all-campus party. (Remember that, ghastly as it seems, there are students here who smoke marijuana without being forced to by student organizations). Had there been any such evidence, the matter would logically fall into the hands of Judiciary Board, not Finance Committee. Does Finance Committee pretend to some kind of ethical mandate, and do students want their budget divided by hearsay or personal interest?

Student Government Association should: a) apologize publicly to WCNI radio and the school, and b) rescind ratification of the budget, pending proper student input concerning WCNI's cut, the Senior class allotment, etc. In the future, class presidents should be excluded from votes where a conflict of interest is implicit.

—MS

-LETTERS-

Quit Crying About It

Pay Your Tickets . . .

To the Editor:

I find the self-righteousness of individuals who have been saddled with repeated parking fines or towing charges very irritating. These students feel that they own this school and that they have the right to do whatever they please without retribution. This school does not have the space to let them do this, as evidenced by Mr. Bianchi's comment that we have only 306 parking places for 330 cars on campus itself. With 24 more cars than spaces, it seems entirely reasonable and even necessary for Security to enforce parking rules for those who belong on South Lot. There is plenty of space on South Lot—why can't Freshmen and Sophomores use it?

Freshmen and Sophomores who keep cars on campus proper, especially unregistered cars, have no right to complain when they get ticketed. After a few tickets, students should either register their car or move it down to South Lot. Leaving a car on campus illegally simply invites more tickets.

Having a car on campus is a privilege, not a right, and along with this privilege come several responsibilities. These responsibilities include obeying traffic rules and parking rules. It is the duty of Campus Security to punish those who violate these rules. Stop complaining and start complying!

Sincerely,
William Field '83

To the Editor:

I am so sorry to read of the plight of those students who have received parking tickets or have been towed. It is really shocking to think that Connecticut College students should have to pay a fine for parking illegally.

Seriously, though, the College has the right and should strictly enforce its parking code. There are a limited number of parking places and the College is hard pressed to accommodate all persons who wish to park on campus. It seems that the most effective way to maintain fair access to parking on campus for all people is to fine the violators.

Surely you jest, Michael, when you suggest that security search out the offenders and verbally ask them to move their cars. This would be a full-time occupation and security has better things to do. Furthermore, it seems

ludicrous that college students are not responsible enough to park legally. If they choose to park illegally, they should accept the consequences of it.

The complaint of Nancy Sutton is a typical example of the "spoiled brat" mentality some students have concerning the parking code. After four tickets and a verbal warning it is easy to see why Nancy was put on the "hit list". Contrary to Michael Sladden's opinion, parking is a "big deal" on campus. This is evident by the three articles concerning this matter in last week's *College Voice*.

I strongly agree with Mark Oliva and Fritz Folts that the money collected should be directed to the SGA student fund. I would at least feel better about paying my tickets if it went to the benefit of some student activity.

Sincerely,
David H. McKillop '82

Ice Hockey Report

By Fran Shields

Two years ago, in Doug Roberts' first season as hockey coach, his Camel icemen lost to Rhode Island Junior College, one of the better JC squads in the Northeast, 17-1. Last season, Conn showed vast improvement but didn't have quite enough as they dropped a 4-3 contest to RIJC. In the Camel's exhibition opener last Thursday, they led the entire contest but had to settle for a 3-3 overtime tie against one of the strongest RIJC teams in recent years.

Co-captain Dave Fitzgerald opened the scoring in the first period as he turned an errant RIJC pass into a breakaway and beat the opponent's goalie in the upper corner on a fine move. Rhode Island was only able to beat Camel goalie Andy Pinkes (22 saves) once in the game's first 30 minutes. Frosh sensation Paul Marks gave the Camels a 2-1 lead as he made a rink-length dash and dished off to Nigel Bentley at the goal mouth. RIJC tied the game at 2-2 on a long screen shot that just beat the Camel's second goalie Bill Charbonneau on the far pipe.

Junior centerman Paul Brock scored the Camel's third goal on a break just inside the RIJC blueline. Brock's goal said a lot for the balance of Roberts' team, each of the first three lines getting a goal. Three minutes later, Charbonneau, brilliant in the third period and ten minutes of sudden death, was the victim of a deflection as RIJC tied the game. Both teams had their chances in overtime, but goaltending and fine position defense won out.

Coach Roberts was very pleased with the fact that when RIJC wanted to mix things up, his icers were able to dish out more of the same and not lose their concentration in a tight contest. He was especially pleased with defensemen Mike Fiebiger, Perry Welch, and Mark Stewart. Veterans Andy White, Steve Heaney, Lee McLaren and Zach Karas gave the rookies great support.

Both of Roberts' young goalies played

some tough shots in the early going. Transfer Bill Charbonneau made 19 stops, including one spectacular glove-save in overtime.

As the Camel skaters headed for the opener with Roger Williams College (a 6-1 victor over RIJC), the forward lines are beginning to take shape. One unit has Nigel Bentley centering Chip Orcutt and Paul Marks. Soph Craig Bower will take the draws for wingers Fitzgerald and frosh Joe Lawler. The third line has Paul Brock in the middle and the wingers will come from the group of soph Bryon White, Tom Franco, frosh Scott Simpson and Mark Munro. Also lending offensive support will be senior Doug Tulin and frosh Steve Hamson.

ICE CHIPS

The Blue skated to an 8-7 win over the White in the first annual Alumni game on Saturday night. The Blue, led by **Craig Bower** (a goal and two assists) and **Mark Munro** (two goals), got off to an 8-5 lead and held on to win. **Brian Elowe**, last year's captain led the Alumni scorers with a goal and an assist for the White squad. Soph winger **Byron White** had the hat trick for the White team. Other Alumni that scored were **Jud Dayton**, **Tom Bohannon** and **Brian Kelley** added two assists. **Doug Roberts**, playing for the White team scored one goal and had an assist while treating the crowd of 270 to many fine passes and defensive plays . . . Other Alumni that returned were **Wisner Murray**, **Chris Abbott**, **Bob Parsons**, **Bill Birnbaum**, **Alex Farley**, **Marc Balch**, **Kevin Sullivan**, **Paul Sanford**, **Todd Bates**, **Win Hotchkiss** . . . **Gordie Roberts**, one of the top young defensemen in the NHL (Minnesota) and younger brother of **Doug Roberts**, skated with the team at practice on Friday prior to his NFL game in Hartford Saturday evening. **Gordie** really helped the defense and went out of his way to teach individual players.



Virginia Pasternak

Flag Football Standings As Of November 8, 1981

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Smith (7-0) | 6. Park-Wright-Marshall (2-4) |
| 2. Larabee-Off Campus (6-1) | 7. K.B.-Abbey-Lazrus (2-4-1) |
| 3. Morrisson (5-1-1) | 8. Harkness-JA-Freeman (1-5) |
| 4. Windham (4-3) | 9. Burdick-Plant (1-6) |
| 5. Hamilton-Lambdin (3-2-2) | 10. Branford-Blackstone (1-6) |

Playoffs — No. 1 ranked team will play No. 4 ranked team. No. 2 ranked team plays No. 3 ranked team — winners go to Super Bowl.

Gymnastics Gets the Jump on 81-82

The 1981-82 gymnastics season is off to a good start. There are 18 members on the team this year, coached by Jeff Zimmerman. The captains of the team are Royse Shanley and Sue Chamberlain. The first meet of the season will be held on December 2 at the Coast Guard Academy.

The Annual Cartwheel-a-thon will be held November 12 to raise money for the team.

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Virginia Pasternak

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Dance Club Concert in Harmony

By Krista Whetstone

On November 5, 6, and 7 the Dance Club presented a concert, "Danceworks"; the dancers were all Connecticut College students performing a wide diversity of pieces.

The concert began with an explosion of energy. "Checkerboard Funk", choreographed by Leona Mazzamurro, consisting of 22 dancers accompanied by live musicians. Although the piece at times seemed somewhat choppy and chaotic, it served its purpose: to enliven the audience and generate enthusiasm and excitement. "Checkerboard Funk" was successful in doing this and left the audience eagerly anticipating the pieces to come.

The next piece, "Babylon", choreographed by Beth Rubenstein, had a calming effect on the audience after the fast-paced "Checkerboard Funk". "Babylon" was more gentle with more sophisticated and powerful movements. The three dancers were fluid in their movements and danced with clarity.

"Solesoul" was choreographer Eve Chilton's expression of isolation, anxiety and frustration. Appropriately, this piece was a solo. "Solesoul" was full of repressed energy and the angry anxiety emanated out of her movements, which would shift from free and flowing to purposely awkward. "Solesoul" was clearly the most introspective and one of the most sophisticated pieces in the concert.

As if to free the audience from the disturbing subject matter in "Solesoul", a light, fun piece followed. "Behind the Scenes", choreographed by Nan Gaines, was comical and bright complete with



A scene from Eve Chilton's piece, "Harbinger".

the splash of bright purples and reds of the dancers' leotards. "Behind the Scenes" was "jazzy" and truly entertaining.

In accordance with the playful tone set by "Behind the Scenes", a primitive and festive piece was performed. "Bacchanal", choreographed by Robin Lynn Wilson deals with an annual carnival in the West Indies. The three dancers were accompanied by live musicians and a singer, Kathy Alston, whose voice was powerfully beautiful. "Bacchanal" was an uplifting piece that made one want to leap out of his chair and join in the festivities.

The next piece, "Autobiography", choreographed by Callie Hoffman, maintained the tone already established by the two preceding pieces. It was a comical piece set to the Doors' "When You're Strange". Although the choreography was simple, "Autobiography" had to be accepted on its own terms as a fun piece to be enjoyed—which it was.

"Duet for Bli-Blip", choreographed by Leona Mazzamurro and Peter Dimuro was a lively piece set to a song by Duke Ellington. "Duet for Bli-Blip" struck me as reminiscent of old Hollywood musicals and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

"En Quatre", choreographed by Barbara Lupocy, was the only ballet piece in the concert. It was the most elegant and "pretty" out of all the pieces. Although the movements were smooth, it seemed that the dancers were very aware, too aware of the choreography. Thus, the fluid movements did not intertwine smoothly with the choreography.

"Shadow in the Mirror", a solo performed and choreographed by Amy Condren, had the same introspective and disturbing sense that "Solesoul" had. The movements were extremely strong and powerful with a great deal of contractions. A haunting and desperate quality prevailed in the piece. "Shadow in the Mirror" was performed dramatically and with intensity.

"Harbinger", choreographed by Eve Chilton, began with a striking composition; a pile of bodies were strewn together on the floor to form a sculpture of sorts. The movements began slowly as the dancers awoke and came to life. The dancers used each other to make beautiful forms. "Harbinger" had a sensual aspect through its soft movements and lines.

The final piece was indeed a grand finale. "Space Harmonics, Once Again", choreographed by Leona Mazzamurro, began slowly and then suddenly burst into rhythmic movements. "Space Harmonics, Once Again" was full of soaring leaps and dives. The dancers seemed to be enjoying themselves and the audience was most responsive during this piece.

"Danceworks" was clearly a huge success. The diversity was so broad that one never knew what to expect next. "Danceworks" was managed and performed in such a way that it had a strong audience appeal yet displayed that dance can be more than mere entertainment; it showed how dance is an art form.

Music: Artifice vs. A Motion

By Eric F. Jacobson

November 6th marked the first lecture of the De Litteris series this year. Paul Althouse, Associate Professor of Music, began by asking what is expression in music. Is it sauce to be poured over dry notes to bring them to life? What is music expressive of and is this what makes music appealing?

Expression can be viewed in an intransitive (Horowitz plays with expression) and transitive manner (specific emotions produced by music, i.e. fear). On the intransitive side, how does one play with expression? This is a question of interpretation and great music invites a variety of interpretations. To illustrate this a selection from the *Seventh Symphony* of Beethoven was played by two different orchestras. The listeners were asked to notice the difference between the two different recordings. Mr. Althouse cited examples which produced specific emotions for listeners, i.e. Schubert's *Der Erlkonig*.

The effects of music were discussed next. Plato believed that music influences behavior. Because of this, special care was used in choosing music for students' ears. Plato feared that wrong music would result in immoral behavior. Aristotle stated that music imitated nature and the Baroque doctrine of emotions that music aroused the passions of man. Throughout the presentation, Mr. Althouse did not propose any single idea as correct, but spoke of them all as possible theories on the nature of instrumental versus vocal music. Can certain emotions be more realistically expressed in instrumental as opposed to vocal textures?

In response to this question Mr. Althouse played a selection from the *Sonata in A Major for Piano*, by Schubert. It was difficult to choose one

Continued on Page 8

Robert Mann on the Juilliard

By Garry Bliss

During the intermission of last Wednesday's concert by the Juilliard String Quartet I was able to talk with Robert Mann of the quartet. Mr. Mann is the only member of the present quartet who has been with the group for all thirty-five years of its existence. He is the first violinist for the quartet.

"What makes me still interested in the quartet is that we have never stood still," Mr. Mann explained, "we're still interested in the music of the repertoire."

The Juilliard String Quartet has been called "the first family of chamber music." What makes it so good? Mr. Mann answered, "you know the story about the young man with the violin case who asked, 'how do I get to Carnegie Hall?' and a man answered, 'yes, practice.'"

Mr. Mann also said that it is a matter of "being life long devoted to music, to the life of a quartet . . . and to grow as time goes on."

This theme of constant growth is very important to Mr. Mann. He said, "if you think that it's something where you achieve and then you're there, then it's a skill that deteriorates."

Besides their excellence there is something else that is at the heart of the Juilliard String Quartet. It lies in their approach to the pieces they play.

Mr. Mann put it this way, ". . . we are always balancing the context of the time that the music was created with our time . . . We are questioning what was

Beethoven about in 1800 and in 1825." Mr. Mann then gave an example from Wednesday night's program.

He said, "when we play the Opus 130 we do not play it as a pretty piece, or a beautiful piece, or a noble piece, we play it as a piece that literally was a radical piece that startled and upset people . . ."

Mr. Mann, as do all the members of the quartet, continues to teach at Juilliard. He does so for many reasons.

"Well, first of all," Mr. Mann said, "it's a question of how committed you are to this art form . . . we believe in it."

Mr. Mann also said, "if you have a positive feeling about the human race you want in some way to father the next generation." For him teaching "is as exciting as playing a performance", he said.

In any artistic performance there is a silent communication going on between the artists.

"A chair music player is constantly doing two things," Mr. Mann said, "doing what he or she has to do in relation to their own or in relation to other parts (and also) constantly receiving signals of what other people are doing and minutely adjusting and compromising and slightly showing by the way you play or something what you have in mind or what you are responding to, so at every moment there is this split second reaction."

Still, the vital element for a musician is, he said, "You do your best all the time."

Juilliard Review

By Lisa Chernin

The Juilliard String Quartet presented an all-Beethoven program on November 4, as part of the 1981-82 season of the Connecticut College Concert and Artist Series. The Juilliard is famed for its ensemble playing and superb interpretation of Beethoven, and this concert did not give evidence to the contrary.

Beethoven's Quartet in F Major, Opus 59, Number 1, merely introduced the huge work which followed intermission, the Quartet in B Flat Major, Opus 130, with Grosse Fugue. The former demonstrated strong ensemble playing, as well as the uncanny ability of the Juilliard Quartet to shape and mold music. The violins, however, sounded tinny, adversely affecting the sound of the whole quartet.

The Grosse Fugue of the Opus 130 quartet overshadowed the rest of this long work. The Juilliard Quartet fired its way through the Fugue, weaving its intricate lines together, while presenting its individual parts clearly. The whole piece was played with enthusiasm and spontaneity, bringing the evening to an exciting close.

At the Ballgame

Continued from Page 7

meet any of the players. I found a piece of tape from Santos' sprained ankle but we never meet them."

"A piece of tape. What good'll that do you," Max said.

"I don't know," he said. "Have you ever met Santos?"

"Um, well, sort of," Max said. "You know how the stars don't enjoy hounding fans. Takes time to make friends with them. Um. Santos, he, he's kinda like that. But not with me, you know. Since he and my father buddy up, we made friends right off. No problem."

"What's he like?" one asked.

"Um," Max said, looking away from their eyes, up to the ceiling. He shuffled his feet. "One time he took me out. We drove in his Porsche over the Public Gardens. Santos brought a football, yeah, a football, and we passed it around. He said I threw it better than any kid he'd ever seen. And he knows lots of kids. When I got bored with football, we played tag. Course he said he'd never chased a boy as fast as me. And he knows many boys. After that, we stepped on a swan boat. I said swan boats look queer. He wouldn't stop laughing, and said that was the truth. So Jimmy asked the driver to bring us ashore. You can't be tough in a boat with plastic swans glued to the side. No way."

"So then what happened?" one asked. "Nothing you'd want to know," Max said.

"C'mon tell," he said.

"Um, let me think back on it," Max said. He looked up at the ceiling. "O.K. Now don't tell anyone. Santos gave me his baseball cap, this cap I'm wearing."

A small boy snickered. The boys started laughing. Their bodies moved, arms swaying, heads jiggling. Heat flushed in Max. They were on to him. Move away. Quick. But his feet wouldn't run.

"My father sells those hats," a little one said. "Santos wears a cloth hat."

The big boy swatted a popcorn out of Max's right hand. And Max saw and felt some fists before they took off for cover down near the box seats.

A little boy leaned against the field portal of gate nine. He breathed hard, catching up on lost air. Those no good pinheaded funds, those softheaded buffoons had taken him. Where was Pop? Man, he needed him. These people all around acted scary. Did they know about Santos? He hadn't meant to go on with the story but something made him tell it. What? There Pop stood, shouting. People laughed at him as usual. He looked smaller when you weren't sitting nearby. His face darkened as much as the gray of the box seats. He had probably told somebody about growing up with another Sox player.



Music

Continued from Page 5

emotion and doing so would diminish the value of the sonata. Some pieces of music are by nature ambiguous and pinpointing one emotion limits their value.

In closing, Mr. Althouse remarked that music lacks the ability to provide an object for its expression; so it is difficult to see how music is expressive outside itself. Only as an entity can

music be viewed as expressive; it cannot be divided and analyzed for emotion. There are no rules to expression in music to be applied. Music is a mystery and this adds to its interest. A lively discussion, focused on the relationship of Western verses non-Western music and the individuality of expression, followed Mr. Althouse's talk.



A Day in the Life . . . continued

Continued from Page 3

with your supervision, I think I can hack it."

"Gee, Walt," I said. "You're putting me in a tough spot. The Voice staff is doing pretty good as it is now, plus you have a history of quitting jobs, so . . ."

"Please," he said. "I'll take a cut in pay, sell my boat . . . I'll do anything. Just let me write for The Voice."

Again, it was another tough spot.

"Okay, Wally," I said. "Show up at 8:00 Monday morning and I'll see what I can do."

"You won't be sorry," Cronkite said, getting up. "You know, this is like the fulfillment of a dream for me. Edward Murrow, Jack Anderson, Woodward and Bernstein . . . they all wanted to be on The College Voice team, but . . ."

"Don't let it go to your head," I said. "Your name's not on the masthead yet."

"Oh," Cronkite said meekly. Then he walked away.

Now, that much I can stomach. But the T.V. news that night drove me past distraction. In France, they showed people protesting outside of The Voice's Paris office, carrying signs saying "Bring Back Freshman Fred" and they

STUDENT ORGANIZATION — 1981-82 BUDGET —

Club	1980-81	1980-81 Request	F.C. Rec.*
SENIOR CLASS	\$ 8,500	\$ 9,900	\$ 9,500
JUNIOR CLASS	1,250	1,800	1,500
SOPHOMORE CLASS	1,250	1,800	1,500
FRESHMAN CLASS	850	1,350	900
SGA	4,000	4,089	3,100
ADM. OF THE FUND	2,100	3,100	2,100
SOCIAL BOARD	28,000	41,116	36,000
IN POLITICS	—	2,000	1,500
WCNI	10,000	11,884	9,000
KOINE	4,000	6,500	6,000
THEATER ONE	3,500	7,350	6,000
THE COLLEGE VOICE	9,000	10,700	10,000
CLUB OPERATING EXPENSES	3,500	3,100	2,400
SPECIAL EVENTS	5,000	5,000	2,500
SPORTS CLUB COUNCIL	8,700	13,300	9,500
SUBTOTAL:			\$103,000
Taken from Surplus:			2,000
Total:			101,000
Extra Allotment:			1,000
TOTAL:			\$100,000

1981-82 STUDENT ACTIVITIES ALLOTMENT: \$100,000.

*Recommendation

Fusing the Rift

Continued from Page 6

that love in one form is fellow service and that in true love one individual communicates wisdom and virtue, the other responds in terms of education and wisdom. At the end of the party it is dawn and almost all the guests have either passed out under the table or are asleep in their chairs. Socrates puts to bed the remaining two and goes home.

Why not a symposium for us? If not on love on the meaning of community in today's academy? Suppose we ask Mr. Woody for the dialectic; the

dialogue will follow naturally. Will Mrs. Geiger contribute? In the Main Lounge of Cro?

Clearly, I do not write this as an exercise in *ubi sunt*. I am not advocating a return to faculty and administrative residence in the dorms although I believe this was valuable in the past. On the contrary, I am eager to revitalize an essential ingredient of campus life, what Plato calls fellow service. I plan to have lunch next Tuesday, November 17th at 12:45 at the emptiest table I find at Smith-Burdick. Will you join me?

had to call in three hundred gendarmes to break it up. And in Russia, one thousand peasants were revolting outside of our Kremlin office, saying The Voice has too much white space and not enough pictures; half of those people are in jails right now.

Now, I'm not going to go into any details because I'd rather rollerskate down a stairway than talk about myself. But I'll tell this to anyone reading. It's the same thing I told Cronkite, The New York Times, the B.B.C. and all the other hangers-on who want to join the show: The College Voice serves the New London community. Therefore, we take contributions only from the local area.

So, once again, The College Voice is cordially inviting you, the reader, to write about anything that may interest, concern or amuse you and put it in Box 1351. The sad truth is that if we don't get more contributions, we're going to have to start using townies like Cronkite and the guys from The Times. I'm sure they'll do okay, but it just won't be the same thing.

—A.A.

Voice Interview: Fine-Tuning WCNI

WCNI is the Connecticut College Broadcasting Association. Its beginnings in the Thirties, as a receiver for Yale Radio, led to its 1974 broadcasting debut. Now, after seven years, CNI is on the verge of major improvements in sound, range and purpose.

But there is a knot of arguments and ill-feelings between WCNI and Student Government. One group holds the money and one needs it. Controversy has culminated with Finance Committee's decision to cut WCNI's budget, apparently in retribution for a recent WCNI-sponsored all-campus party, at which marijuana was present.

Mark Oliva, President of CCBA for three years, reflects on CNI's history and its present hassles.

—Michael Sladden

Voice: Mark, explain WCNI to a complete stranger.

Oliva: WCNI is a 10-watt radio station at a college of 1,600 people. We're not WPLJ of New York, and we can never aspire to be. What we are is a group of DJ's who come in every week and do a show of varied tastes. Our main strength is our diversity; you can't hear on other stations what you will hear on CNI, and visa-versa.

Voice: Is that a complete view for the students too?

Oliva: I don't know. I think many College members hold CNI too highly in regard. Many people complain about CNI but they don't realize they have the capacity to come in and change things. All it takes to be a disc-jockey is the ability to talk and read. I would like to encourage students not to be afraid of the station (pause) . . . because CNI can be their voice in the community.

Voice: You became President as a sophomore. What ideological changes have you seen since?

Oliva: When I came in I got the station from Henry Hauser, who did an excellent job financially for the radio station. But Henry wasn't as prepared to work with his staff as I felt the President should. During earlier administrations there was in the Boards a severe split, for no apparent reason than to disagree; that was nonproductive. Things have loosened up. People are a lot more willing to do things for the station, and no one tells them they're wrong. That's an important change.

Voice: What's your biggest problem right now?

Oliva: Our signal is too weak. We have a great audience to reach in New London and Groton. There's an industrial sector, who listen to the radio while they work, and if they can do it without advertising, they feel a lot better about listening to the radio station all day. It's my aspiration to make the radio station good enough so they can listen to us all day and enjoy it.

Voice: And that includes going up in power?

Oliva: Yes, absolutely.

Voice: Will an attitude of professionalism evolve from this?

Oliva: People will take their shows more seriously, if they realize they're reaching a bigger audience. You can't act like a fool if 10,000 people might be listening.

Voice: There has been a history of conflict over this idea.

Oliva: Yeah, well . . . there was an unrealistic attitude to be as professional as possible, and that's incongruous with WCNI. We're all volunteers; you can't hire and fire people. You put someone in a position and it's up to them to perform. I'd like to see a feeling of encouragement to be competent rather than professional. A competent air personality is listenable, whereas an incompetent professional one is impossible—just listen to any top 40 radio station.

Voice: Do you think last year's conflict over Robin Brown illustrates this?

Oliva: People took their positions on the Board a little too seriously. Robin Brown spoke French on the radio, and some people on the Board didn't like that . . . they didn't think there was a big French population . . . maybe they didn't understand him, I don't know. They forced him to stop speaking French on his show. I was very troubled by that, because creativity had been limited. Once you start to limit creativity you're basically breaking down the entire structure of the College. No one would want to work with us.

That was my problem earlier as production director.

People would erase my charts, and I wouldn't want to go on. We need to be very laissez-faire.

Voice: Now you think CNI is back on track ideologically?

Oliva: I do believe that's true. Board conflicts I feel are really trite and worthless, because they don't make a difference in the day-to-day operations of CNI; the Board shouldn't influence the way a DJ does his Wednesday afternoon show.

Voice: Why has CNI been off the air, building a new studio?

Oliva: The whole idea behind the new studio is to make the station simple enough and routine enough so that all of our DJ's can fall into a certain pattern, and not make technical mistakes. The main idea is to instill pride. The whole physical surrounding will make a disc-jockey do a better show, because the equipment is the way it should be.

Voice: What about a power increase this year?

Oliva: Well, because it'll take two years to get an O.K. from the FCC to goup in power, we see the possibility of erecting a new antenna. By getting an omni-directional antenna, we can basically achieve whatever increase we would have gained with 100 watts.

Voice: Will that save you from being pushed off the air?

Oliva: That's a problem. There's a huge push for the electromagnetic spectrum of the radio dial. Just recently one of the three empty spots on the dial was taken, so there's only two left. We have to apply to the FCC, and at least have something pending with them and get our change to 100 watts, so we won't get pushed off the air. As a 10-watt station we're unprotected.

But there are alternatives. We could go Carrier, and just broadcast through the electrical outlets in the dorms. You plug your radio in and automatically get CNI. No one else would get it. But that would free up a lot of things; I'm sure that things would get very wild on the airwaves.

Voice: You'd rather not see that happen?

Oliva: Yeah, I'd rather not see that happen . . . at all.

Voice: What kinds of new programming are you planning?

Oliva: I'd like to do a lot more editorializing. We could work more closely with the *Voice*, so that other groups like ConnPirg or anyone else will take up an active role in speaking on the air. An educated radio public is only educated by editorial and new musical ideas.

Voice: It often sounds like you're in an adversarial relationship with SGA, on this and in the area of money. You seem pitted against them.

Oliva: Well, I don't know. Ever since I became involved with CNI—year after year there seems to be a conflict with SGA over money. Last year we caused a huge uproar. Misguidingly, people on the Board were threatening the radio was going off the air. That was a misconception. We would only go off if someone near us on the dial chose to go up in power. Then it would have been an emergency situation . . . but it wasn't.

Going stereo was very important to us as well. We felt we were losing confidence from the student body because we hadn't done anything in two years. I mean we had made improvements, but none anyone could see.

Voice: But stereo was fated to fail . . .

Oliva: Well as Mike Tucker, the Chief Engineer, said about stereo, 'with the roses come the thorns.' There was a high-pitched hum when anyone tuned to 91.5 It turned out to be a bad connection in the transmitter. We'll be stereo next semester, without the hum.

Voice: So how do you feel you're coming into conflict with SGA this year?

Oliva: Student Government had it out for us last year. We cause such an uproar, and kept class presidents from automatic voting seats on Finance Committee, just because of their conflict of interest. Since we weren't represented we found it hard when the Senior class took total precedence. So that could have come back to haunt us . . . those class presidents got back onto Finance Committee. They might have had it out for us.

Voice: Talk a bit about this year's budget fight.

Oliva: Dirty rumors about mismanagement, and not coming through after getting money for stereo . . . hacking our reputation to bits . . . which I found pretty absurd since CNI has come out of the dark ages in the last two years. We're not a radio room with a bunch of hackers.

Voice: What besides money became an issue here?

Oliva: I don't want to go into that.

Voice: You really don't?

Oliva: Well O.K., ask the question.

Voice: What besides money hurt you?

Oliva: There were peripheral reasons (the party) but I think the main problem was money. During budget-time it gets very ugly in Student Government . . . always certain groups vying for their share of the pot. Sometimes their (SGA's) priorities don't lie with those of the students, so I felt it was interests and money. They came at us with a scalpel.

Voice: How did you feel about last week's SGA meeting?

Oliva: I totally lost a sense of their credibility. Last Wednesday's meeting made a mockery of Roberts Rules of Order. They either should have burned it or thrown it out the window, the way that meeting was held. To block CNI, they voted a week before to automatically take a roll-call vote. It was so mismanaged that the vote didn't work. I had to laugh.

Voice: Will WCNI survive their budget cut?

Oliva: CNI will survive the cut. We'll have to get rid of our lawyer, if that's possible . . . and no more outside phone line. Why penalize us, when Social Board concerts like Pat Metheny lose \$3,000? They gave Social Board \$6,000 more this year.

Also, record companies used to give us free records. Now they'll be charging us two or three hundred dollars a year for the vinyl. That's cost, when you talk about 10-15 record companies. We're in a real bind . . . we have to remain solvent

. . . you can't just play oldies forever, you have to have strong music.

Voice: Inflation plays a heavier role with CNI, doesn't it?

Oliva: A problem with SGA is that they don't see that CNI compounds in value year after year. We buy equipment . . . we make an investment. Every other cent is lost . . . except maybe Sports Club Council.

Voice: Take a paragraph for yourself. What do you want to say to Conn College?

Oliva: Listen to CNI. A lot happens at 91.5 that goes unnoticed. To hear CNI blasting on a hallway gives me a kick. It's worth much more than people think.

The Podium

(THE PODIUM is a weekly column for faculty and administration members to write about topics which interest, concern or amuse them.) —Ed

By Professor George Willauer
English Department

When I came to Connecticut College a number of years ago each dormitory had a resident house fellow who was either a member of the faculty or the administration. Older and presumably wiser, these fellows served in a *loco parentis* capacity, and were available to advise students on personal and academic matters. Fellows also ate in the dorms and served as hosts to visitors at meals and receptions. More recently, students have assumed many of these duties and moved into the suites strategically placed near the front door of each dormitory. For a while certain members of the faculty were also assigned to dormitories as non-resident fellows and welcome at meals and other dormitory related activities, often with their families. Now, however, all instructors and some administrators are issued tickets for ten lunches a semester, and they are rarely invited to dinner or other functions. With limited opportunity for discourse outside the classroom teachers appear like automatons for class and office hours and retreat to the woodwork while students lead a zoological life in the dorms with furnitureless lounges. Or so we are told.

For me this separation of teacher and student represents a lamentable loss, a loss of a sense of community of scholars with mutual respect working together toward the common goal of truth. Learning, after all, is not restricted to the classroom; think of the range of places truth came to the great minds of our civilization. Off the top of my head I move from Emerson, to Keats, to Luther, to St. Joan, to Moses, and to Plato.

With Plato I pause because his university, or academy as he called it, is one of the oldest and most influential in history, and his account of it in *The Republic* and the academic spirit in a related work, *The Symposium*, have inspired some proposals of mine for us at Connecticut.

In *The Republic* Socrates, who is Plato's spokesman, claims that the ultimate boundaries of knowledge are reached through dialectic. For my purpose the key word is the last, which in this context means the investigation of truth by discussion, or the art of discussion or debate, which was in fact Plato's and, before him, Socrates' primary method of teaching. A related word in Greek as well as English is dialogue, which simply means conversation between two or more people. Obviously, the connection between these words, etymologically and practically, is very close. If we as teachers and students have a form of dialectic in the classrooms, why can we not also have dialogue in the dining rooms? What is the possibility of assigning one table in each dorm as a faculty table? Then, at each meal an instructor, perhaps on a rotating basis, would be present and students would fill the empty seats. Or why not informal gatherings in the dormitories' public rooms with a general topic for consideration? With refreshments and entertainment?

The Greeks loved such occasions and called them symposia. At these parties food and drink were served, and they combined dialectic with dialogue. In *The Symposium* Plato describes a memorable one on, of all subjects, love. Socrates' speech is the centerpiece, and he argues

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A Night at the Ballgame

By Ali Moore

About tonight's game, the papers held true: "A Thriller," "A Blockbuster". From the Goodrich blimp, the stadium looked a bit tainted. Mist dimmed the green field and darkened the stands to a coal-gray. Little men moved around the field, the glazed lights showing their suits up white. But down in the stadium, the field kept a brilliant chlorophyll green and the white lights blinded and the seats held a gabbing, colorful crowd. Red and blue shimmered in the stands. And players batted a small white ball to other players. Mostly, a man threw the ball past the batter but sometimes the man with a bat hit the ball far away towards the back walls. One time, a player hit the ball, and the fans hummed; and as the ball rose, going, going, they hummed louder. It flew over the wall into the bleachers. The fans grunted.

A small boy sat in his seat while the other spectators stood, stretching their cramped muscles, grumbling. He looked to the seat on his right, where Pop gazed absently at two hefty female buttocks that blocked the field. A blue synthetic stopped them from busting loose. Mumbling still, the fans, in staggered unison, sat. No, there couldn't be any use in standing while McCarthy rounded the bases. The runt of a pitcher had homered into the bleachers. Why the next thing you'd know the bat boy would slug a grand slam. Johnston couldn't strike out a little leaguer. What a bad night for the Sox.

The blue moons dropped. And Pop kept looking above the field on which the good-sized McCarthy gingerly tapped home plate, then jogged into the visiting team's dugout. Pop circled his right hand, the one embracing a paper cup filled with whirling beer. When he circled a tad too mightily, the brew swashed over the edge and drooled down over his fingers, down to join the other spatters on the cement floor. Pop's eyes looked like cat's eyes. They stared straight and almost didn't blink. But the boy knew that the gaze would end. Soon as something caught his eye, he'd swing into action.

The boy stuffed the last popcorn piece in his mouth. Each cheek harbored a large bolus of the hard and soft meal. No longer did popcorn settle inside his plastic hat. Out went the grease stained liner. He owned a wicked cap. Light gleams flickered off its blue. The stick 'em emblem with the red ground and the blue "B" looked cool, just like the Sox's. He put it on and sat up straight lest someone miss it. On the field, a runner stood off first base, readying for second. Johnston stamped the mound, looked back to center field, and drew his throwing arm back as he lifted a bent leg; after he cocked fully, he whipped the ball around to the first baseman—out. The runner ran back into the dugout. About time the Sox did something right, the bums. Johnston palmed the ball, then cocked and pitched past the batter, waited for the ball to come back, and then cocked and pitched, waited, cocked and pitched.

No longer content with flaunting his cap, the boy had fallen into a slouch. A balled ice cream wrapper ricocheted off the hat, and dropped to his feet. Ah. At least he had an excuse not to watch the game. Which mother threw it? He mustered up his meanest glare and turned, sending it up into the seats above. When he had made them all shiver in their boots, he turned back on the field. Baseball moved so slowly. He looked at his cap, the thread hanging from his right cuff, his cut finger, and decided on the wrapper ball. He picked it off the cement. When the coast was

clear, he'd make his move. He looked at his father, who still stared above the field. Cat eyes. His cropped gray hair gres sparsely under a faded cloth cap. A vein bluged in his neck.

Almost no one knew it when the boy whipped the ball out over the fans. He pretended to scratch his ear and then had let go. The wrapper hit the back of a woman's seat. But, luckily, it did catch his father's eye. Pop quit his gaze to watch the wrapper hit.

"What the hell, Max," he said. "You can't even hit a biddy's head from ten feet on. Hasn't little league done your pitching some good. Come on now. Smack her next time."

"O.K.," Max said.

The man put the beer into his left hand and slung his right arm atop the boy's seat. They watched the game. Max felt the jacket and arm on his neck. The body next to him warmed the air. Pop had a lion's breath. And his smell made you want to run, pinching your nose, and, at the same time, to push your face into his chest. A Sox player batted the ball up towards center field. The crowd buzzed in cheer. But the ball slowed, fell into one of their gloves. The jacket and arm twitched at Max's neck. All right. Some action.

"Hey shallowbrained Jimmy Santos," Pop shouted. "Get a hit for once in your no good life. Fly outs. Fly outs. That's all you hit."

Pop drank a haul off his beer. And Max felt the arm relax at his neck. The lion's breath sounded. Pop looked away to about home plate where the second batter swung practice swings. Beer twirled in his cup. The batter set his stance for the pitch. When it came, he swung, sending a fly to the second baseman: out. The arm twittered.

"Stinker," Pop shouted. "You pinheaded fud. My mother hits harder than that. Pansy. Go home to your mommy, boy."

The third batter for the Sox grounded out to shortstop.

"Sad sack. That's all you are," Pop shouted. "McKrew the buffoon. What a dolt. It's eighth inning and we're down three to nothing and you choke. A thriller tonight? No way. The dawdling fools won't play ball. You're boring, Sox. I'm going home if you don't play. I want my money back. The clods take my money and don't play."

A buxom woman, wearing a blue synthetic dress, turned around to Pop. "Would you kindly hold your tongue, sir," she said. "Shut your face," he said. And, standing up, he shouted, "My friend, Bill Carlton, is the only one who'll play hard today. The rest of you softheads might as well sit in the dugout. Make them go, Bill. They aren't lame. Do something with the ninnies."

Popo sat down and flung his arm atop Max's seat. The boy bent his head so he could touch his father's arm. Fans looked at Pop. They smiled and drooped their heads, giggling. The woman in the blue dress wouldn't look around. She knew better. After all, he and Bill Carlton were friends. Pop said so himself.

Max smiled at his big father. It felt fine to sit near him, to be tough with him. In that seat, surrounded by that arm, Max saw no problems: the other big people looked up to Pop and they wouldn't dare hurt either of them. Johnny Wells couldn't hide and punch Max in the stadium as he did at school when Johnny picked on the younger kids.

"Are the Sox going to do it, ole buddy?" Pop said, winking.

"I don't know," Max said.

"Say they'll do it."

The Bog at Ballyhaunis

The bog simmers, a warm brown mass
of long, long twisted tree roots,
cellar-smelling of rotting peagreen moss,
and bubbling up Viking treasures or farmers' boots.
Stretching around house, shed and rock wall,
the bog sucks in any unwatched thing.
Stray shovel, notebook or wedding band, all
submerge in turf and lay in waiting.

Today the bog gives up a treasure,
a moss-encrusted amulet, some Dane's trinket.
In sunshine I see a deep plum gem set in its center,
wonder who had worn it around his neck.

After, I gently throw it back to the turf.
Reclaimed, it goes seeping into warm, wet earth.

—Allie Lyons

"They'll do it."

"Pop. When did you meet the players?"

"Oh. Um. I only met one of them. We go back a long way, back to high school. You see we were teammates. Best of friends. Um. He played shortstop and I pitched. Yep. Jimmy Santos and I . . ."

"But," Max said.

"But what? Santos hit the best. I pitched the best. The other teams called us the fearsome duo. We scared them. The things we did together. Why once we had the Baker twins in the dugout at midnight. What a treat. We still bust up over it. Max. How about some popcorn for the old man. Could you run below and pick some up?"

"Uh-huh," Max said, accepting a dollar.

"Great. Now don't talk to anyone. Just the man behind the stand. Good luck."

Max felt his father's warm hand pat his shoulder as he left.

The little boy bought popcorn in style, slithering around legs, coming up to the vendor quicker than big people. Popcorn in hand, he walked along the foyer towards gate nine. On top of the ceiling the fans sat. Soon he'd sit there, too. What if it fell down? Two eyes followed him from in a pillar's shadow. A cat. A black cat. He veered off his route and stamped. The eyes tucked behind the pillar.

"You scaring our cat," said a voice.

Max turned around. Five boys stood there. Three he could take but one looked as big as him, and another, who must have been thirteen, looked a bit bigger.

"Are you scaring our cat?" one said. "Might be. Might not be," Max said. "Who says it's your cat."

"We do," the big one, who wore a paper cap covered with the word hotdogs, said.

"What makes you the owner?" Max asked.

"We feed him," he said. "My father gives us hotdogs after everyone goes home."

"My father melts an ice cream and we give it to him," one said.

"Let me feed him some popcorn," Max said.

"No. He won't eat it," the boy Max's size said.

"Why not," Max said.

"Because, like I say, he won't eat it," he said.

"Do you feed him every night?" Max asked.

"Most nights," one said. "If we can't make it our fathers give food to him."

"We come here free and can sit in any empty seat we want to," another one said.

"So what," Max said.

"So sometimes we can sit in the box seats right near the Sox's dugout," he said. "We don't sit in the bleachers where you can't see a thing."

"Yesterday, we saw the locker room after the game," the big boy said, "but that's not new."

"Yeah," Max said. "My father knows Jimmy Carlton, um, I mean, Jimmy Santos. He and Santos played ball in high school. Santos hit the best. And Pop pitched the best. They kept other teams scared stiff."

"Really," the big one said. "We never

Continued on Page 8



Tad was responsible
for splitting the Twinkie

Scandinavian Seminar

Scandinavian Seminar is now accepting applications for its 1982-83 academic year abroad in Denmark, Finland, Norway, or Sweden. This unique learning experience is designed for college students, graduates, and other adults who want to study in a Scandinavian country, becoming part of another culture and learning its language. A new one-semester program, only in Denmark, is also now available.

After orientation in Denmark and a 3-week intensive language course, generally followed by a family stay, students are placed individually at Scandinavian Folk Schools or other specialized institutions, where they live and study with Scandinavians of diverse backgrounds. The Folk Schools are small, residential educational communities intended mainly for young adults. Both historically and socially, these schools have played an important part in the development of the Scandina-

vian countries. Midway through the folk school year, all the Seminar students and staff meet in the mountains of Norway to discuss progress and make plans for the spring. A final session is held at the end of the year to evaluate the year's studies and experiences.

Because the Scandinavian countries are small, open, and accessible, the year provides an unusual opportunity for the student to explore his or her particular field of interest by doing an independent study project. On the basis of a detailed written evaluation of their work, most college students receive full or partial academic credit for their year.

The fee, covering tuition, room, board, and all course-connected travels in Scandinavia, is \$5,900. Interest-free loans are granted on the basis of need, as are a few partial scholarships.

For further information, please write to: Scandinavian Seminar, 100 East 85th Street, New York, NY 10028.

Is There A Draft In Your Future?

Can you feel the draft breathing down your neck?

The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors warns that the reinstatement of draft inductions may be closer than you think.

"The resumption of draft registration for 18-year-old males makes it very important that all Americans think through their beliefs about the problems of war and the draft," said Larry Spears, Director of CCCO's Youth Campaign.

Also, the Supreme Court ruled on June 25 that registering men but not women for the draft does not violate the U.S. Constitution. According to Professor Peter Goldberger, an attorney and teacher at the Villanova University School of Law, Villanova, Pennsylvania, "This decision brings us a step closer both to prosecutions of non-registrants and to resumption of draft inductions." The exclusion of women from registration will make it easier for Congress to reinstate the draft.

One consequence of the Court's decision, commented Goldberger, is that it should remove any doubts that anyone may have had about the close connections between registration, a "real draft", and mobilization for war.

"The position argued by the government's lawyers and adopted by Justice Rehnquist flatly contradicts the bland public relations statement of Selective Service that registration and "the draft" are altogether different propositions," said Goldberger.

During the oral argument of the case, Solicitor General Wade H. McCree, Jr., admitted that "you can't separate" the questions of registration and the draft. The Court described registration as "the first step in a united and continuous process designed to raise an army speedily and efficiently."

CCCO is also concerned by what it

perceives as President Ronald Reagan's retreat from his 1980 statement of opposition to draft registration.

"The increasing likelihood of a draft," said Spears, "is causing concern for a growing number of high school and college students."

With the elimination of the student deferment in the mid-'70's, the classification available to the greatest number of young people is conscientious objection. A conscientious objector is someone who is opposed to participating in war on the basis of deeply held moral, ethical, or religious beliefs. During the time of a draft, anyone recognized by their draft board as a conscientious objector would then serve two years doing alternate civilian service.

Spears stated that over 27,000 draft-age individuals have already registered with CCCO through its conscientious objector card. "These cards are available, free of charge, from CCCO, P.O. Box 15796, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103. They simply state 'Because of my beliefs about war, I am opposed to participating in the military.'"

"The usefulness of this card," commented Spears, "is that it provides a record of an individual's opposition to war. This CO card will help to demonstrate to the military that hundreds of thousands of young people will not serve in the armed forces. Support for conscientious objection, along with the large number of non-registrants and the vocal anti-draft movement may help to deter Congress from establishing a peace-time draft."

CCCO was founded in 1948 as the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors and has served continuously since then as a national, non-profit agency counseling young Americans facing the prospect of military service, and those already in the military.

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